

JEAN ELIOT'S CHRONICLES OF CAPITAL SOCIETY DOINGS

(Continued from Page 10.)

dence. The thing has grown like a snowball rolling down hill until it well-nigh surpasses the vision of those who planned it, and it will, I think, be something to remember a long time. Mrs. Keith Forrest is arranging the pageant. Mrs. Woodrow Wilson is chairman of the honorary advisory committee, and Maj. Gen. George Barnett, commandant of the marine corps, chief marshal. Mrs. Gerry, too, is ever so much interested in the undertaking, because it is, she feels, just the sort of thing which is calculated to do wonders toward helping in Americanization work, in bringing about a feeling of brotherhood between the youngsters of various nations who are to take part.

Capt. R. H. Glenn, of the British embassy staff, has been commandeered to serve as grand marshal of the parade, and in addition he is in charge of Great Britain's contribution to the pageant, which will show Boadicea in her chariot drawn by sixteen snow white steeds. The business of producing sixteen white horses on short notice was one of the pleasant little tasks which has fallen to Captain Glenn's lot, and the other day at a meeting of the committee he announced that he had them lined up. "They're not all dead white," he lamented, "but they're the best I could do, and I suppose we can whitewash 'em."

Thousand Voices In Chorus

The pageant is to be in two parts, tableaux, folk dancing, and the like, to be held about the edge of the Ellipse and a gorgeous spectacular parade along Pennsylvania avenue, coloring with chorus singing, a thousand voices strong. The ceremonies on the Ellipse will be marked by this original feature—the spectators will stroll about from one point of interest to another without waiting for the spectacle to come to them. There will be maps and diagrams posted on the trees and published in the papers by way of directions, and it has been suggested that Boy Scouts might be detailed to serve as guides.

All these plans set me reminiscing for they're so suggestive of the way in which the great pageant given in the beautiful outdoor museum and park at Stockholm for the teams which attended the Olympic games was handled. And that was one of the loveliest and most thrilling sights I ever saw, groups of men and a sprinkling of women—from almost every country under the sun being taken about from one heavenly spot to another to witness folk dancing, tableaux or entertainment of one sort or another, and coming together at the last on a great plateau overlooking Stockholm and its wonderful harbor, to sup and hear a chorus of several hundred trained voices sing the national airs of all the countries represented. Helgö, will we ever again have the great Olympic games, I wonder?

Admiral's Wife Develped

By Real Estate Shark.
Mrs. Harris, wife of Rear Admiral Frederic R. Harris, U. S. N., is recently back in town after a Saturday-to-Monday

trip, which she claims is the most expensive week-end on record. It happened in this wise: Lured by the fact that Washington society in general and the diplomatic corps in particular are migrating to the Blue Ridge Mountains this summer, Mrs. Harris leased a cottage at Blue Ridge Summit, Pa., and a week or two ago she moved herself, her small daughter, Florence, a corps of servants, and such of her household effects as were necessary to her comfort, into the country to take possession. Unfortunately, however, she found on her arrival that she had put too much faith in the race of real estate agents, and that the camera CAN lie. The very charming cottage pictured in the photographs which had been shown her proved anything but attractive at close range, its location was unspeakable, tucked in among a lot of shanties by the railroad and modern improvements were so conspicuous by their absence that the servants threatened to strike. Consequently Mrs. Harris, who reached Blue Ridge Summit on a Saturday evening, came back to Washington on Monday morning.

And here she found herself in rather a confusing situation, for her house in Massachusetts avenue, is rented on a long lease, and before she left town, presumably for the summer, she let her apartment in the Connecticut to Mrs. McKeehan, of Philadelphia, who was already in possession. However, she managed to find an apartment in the Acondale which she could rent for a few months, and she is there now, having sent her small daughter to Norfolk to join her father. After an experience like this, one doesn't quite like to question Mrs. Harris about "summer plans," but I understand she has decided to stay on here probably all summer. She says, indeed, she can't afford to do otherwise, for she had already paid a big deposit on the Blue Ridge cottage, and is probably responsible for the rent for the entire season. Truly an expensive week-end.

Admiral Harris on Duty At Norfolk

Admiral Harris, who adores his small daughter, is delighted to have her with him. She stayed with Mrs. Walter McLean, wife of Admiral McLean, for a little while and now she and her father are making their headquarters at Virginia Beach. Admiral Harris, who is doing some important work for the Government at Norfolk, is anxious to have Mrs. Harris with him there next winter, but she says she doubts if she can tear herself away from Washington. She will probably go back into her apartment at the Connecticut or else take over her own house.

Little Florence Harris, who is a most delightful small person, is a chum of Ellen Wilson McAdoo, and was one of the guests at the birthday party the President's granddaughter gave at the White House a few weeks ago. The last of May I think it was. There were only a few kiddies present and they had a most wonderful time, being taken to drive in a pony carriage and having games and jollifications of all sorts. The President made a great fuss over the kiddies, particularly the little girls.

Woman May Be Senator From New York

I know all about the prophet without honor and I'm not much given to prophecies of a political nature anyway, but here's a prediction, sponsored by a man who has forgotten more about politics than I ever dreamed of knowing, which I want to pass on to you—that Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, head of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, will be the next Senator from New York. He goes on to prophesy that she will be the first woman to hold a seat in the Senate, being convinced that Miss Anne Martin, who is running in Nevada "on her own" stands small chance of election without the backing of a party organization.

The story, as it was told to me, and as it was written for an influential New York newspaper, is that Mrs. Catt is to be backed by so formidable an organization as Tammany and is to be put forward as the regular Democratic candidate.

All of which opens up distinctly interesting possibilities. New York being now a suffrage State, it is conceivable that Senator James W. Wadsworth, Jr., who has voted against suffrage at every opportunity, who is on record as having fought it tooth and



Photo by Shuck.
MRS. GEORGE LEROY BOYLE.
Bride of Lieutenant Boyle, aviation section, U. S. A. She was formerly Miss Margaret McChord and is the daughter of Interstate Commerce Commissioner and Mrs. C. C. McChord.



Photo by Shuck.
MRS. ROBERT CORWIN LEE.
Bride of Lieutenant Lee, U. S. N. She is the daughter of Senator and Mrs. William M. Calder of New York and her marriage took place in Brooklyn on June 15.

nailed and whose wife (formerly Alice Hay) is the leader of the anti-suffrage cohorts, may find himself distinctly unpopular. Nevertheless, it seems likely that he will be the Republican party's nominee for the 1921 election.

The scheme then, as outlined by a writer of considerable political acumen, is for the Democrats to nominate Mrs. Catt as candidate opposed to Senator Wadsworth, for Tammany to "deliver" the Democratic vote and for the women to do the rest. (Granted that the first part of the scheme can be put through and Mrs. Catt nominated and persuaded to accept the nomination, there's little doubt of the outcome. New York having always been now Republican, now Democratic, the woman vote is easily large enough to swing the election either way—and what woman could be expected to vote for Senator Wadsworth, pledged to opposition to suffrage in preference to Mrs. Catt?)

New York Politicians Take It Seriously

Of course, all this is very much on the knees of the gods at present writing, but the New York politicians took it seriously enough to get quite excited about it when the story was published not long ago. And certainly Mrs. Catt would make an ideal candidate. She's a big woman, broad and sane in her views, a fine executive, a progressive ballasted with a touch of conservatism, and under her leadership the National American Woman Suffrage Association has subordinated all minor matters had as a unit rallied to the support of the Government in its efforts to win the war.

So much for political gossip—now for a wee bit of newspaper gossip. The changes which are being made in the direction of the New York Herald, pending the reading of the will of the late James Gordon Bennett and presumably in strict accordance with the provisions of that document, are of interest here because J. K. Ohi is concerned therein. Mr. Ohi, who has been connected with the Herald for years, lives principally in New York, to be sure, but his wife and daughter, Joan Ohi, make their home in Washington and are both popular and prominent here.

Ohi Family Was Long In Peking

The death of "the Commodore," as the late Mr. Bennett was usually known to members of the Herald staff, nowhere caused deeper regret than to the members of the Ohi family, who had known him intimately and been most pleasantly associated with him. Mr. Ohi was long the Herald's Far Eastern representative, and he and his family made their home for years in Peking, where they were closely affiliated with the diplomatic colony, making a wide and cosmopolitan acquaintance.

the corps love to come together on Sunday afternoons. They entertain frequently and very delightfully, if informally.

But to return to the Herald—notwithstanding the unofficial announcement that neither the Herald nor the Telegram is for sale, Park Row gossip has been much concerned with the ultimate control of the papers, and few prominent owners of New York newspapers have failed of mention as probable purchasers. Even men present not connected with the business, but regarded as willing to enter the field, have not been neglected. Nothing is more natural, of course, than that William C. Reick, for many years head of the Herald in Mr. Bennett's absence, should be picked as a possible, even a probable, purchaser. Mr. Reick still maintains his connection with the New York Sun, but many believe that he would be more than willing to resume his former position at the Herald, this time with a substantial interest in the publication.

Munsey Named Among Possible Purchasers

Frank A. Munsey, owner of the Sun, has been connected by Dame Rumor with the purchase, since he is credited with the desire to own another New York paper; and Rodman Wadmaker is also spoken of as a purchaser in connection with Mr. Reick. General du Pont is likewise credited with a wish to step into Mr. Bennett's shoes as proprietor of the Herald and the Telegram.

Before I close I want to tell you a little bit about another wedding, news of which has just come to my ears. The bridegroom is Lyle Harper, a popular young Chicago man, who is in the officers' training camp at Quantico, and spends most of his week-ends with friends in Washington. The bride is—or was, for the wedding took place yesterday afternoon—Katherine Spear Cornell, also of Chicago, who, like so many brides of this day and time, came all the way to Washington for the wedding. Mr. Harper couldn't get leave long enough to go to Chicago, you see.

They were married at the North Presbyterian Church at 5 o'clock, the Rev. Joseph T. Kelly performing the ceremony, and it was all very pretty, although only the bridegroom's father and a little company of relatives and close friends were present. Miss Cornell was attended by Mrs. A. Nye Van Vleck as matron of honor. Capt. L. W. Mack, Quartermaster Corps, U. S. A., was best man. He's a close friend of the bridegroom and likewise of the bride. There were two bridesmaids from Chicago.

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bridesmaids, Miss Letts and Mrs. Remy, both of Chicago, and Captain Remy and Lieut. A. Nye Van Vleck were ushers.

Then after the ceremony Lieut. Van Vleck and Mrs. Van Vleck and Captain Mack gave a reception and bridal dinner at the Van Vleck's home in Thirteenth street. The drawing room and reception hall were effectively decorated in wild flowers and in the dining room, where the color scheme was pink, quantities of lovely pink roses were used. The members of the wedding party were present, about a dozen other guests were invited and it was all very jolly. Then when the merriment was at its height, Mr. Harper and his bride slipped away. They went at once to Quantico, where they will make their home for the present.

Yours fondly,
JEAN ELIOT.

GRADUATES GET DIPLOMAS.
Columbia University School graduation exercises were held Friday night. Diplomas were awarded to Francisco Garcia, of Porto Rico; Jose B. Javellana, of Manila, Philippine Islands; Philip Esbach, of Washington; Ralph Hale, of Washington, and Miss Marie Lillian Hurman, also of this city. The annual address was delivered by Dr. W. T. Shepherd, principal of the institution. A Dance followed the exercises.

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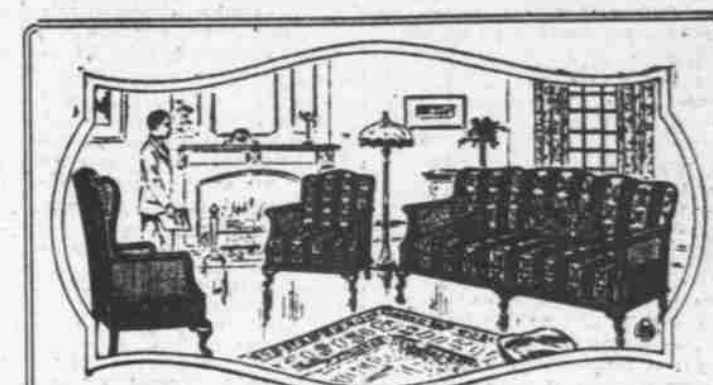
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